

## MEDICAL



## UNCLE ISHAM'S WAY

To Freedom—A Story of the Year of Jubilee in the South

## TOLD BY A COLORED RETAINER

In the "Land of Cotton, Cinnamon Seed and Sandy Bottom"—Last Work of the Slave—Reminiscences Which Recall the Experiences of Uncle Tom.

New Orleans Times Democrat.

Master he never had no prudence 'cep' for turr folks, an' so he got dat an' cawf. Fust 'twas jes' a dry, worrisome but; but et got harder an' hurtin', twel it sounded like a hawse gallopin' crost a bridge; an' fo' long Master was bedrid.

"Isham," says master to me one day, says he, "Isham, I's mighty low, an' I's troubled in my mind. I've always intended to set you free—I promised you—but that's Joe—that's Joe, and Joe ain't strong!—and he shot his eyes alike, de light h'nt 'em, an' lay still awhile, till pres'nly he say, "Well, well, you shall be free, but Isham, my boy, you won't mind stayin' on wid your Marse after I'm laid under the cedars."

I swallowed a time or two an' don't say—"Master, fo' de Lord's sake don't give yo'self another trouble 'bout me. For I's gwine to stay here until you drives me away. I don't want nothin' but you all as long as one o' y'all is left."

Well, master hol' out munt arter munt, and it's cur'ous how constant he was on my mind. I got in a way o' sleepin' out on de porch sidist his window, tel Miss Lydie—she was ole Miss's sister—had me go in de chamber. An' wake or sleep, sleep or wake, master was on my mind.

I never hear narr breath o' do sto' dat o' up de big pine on Spring Hill, but sho as ever master moved I was up an' dyar.

One night I hear him stirrin' an' I say, "Does you want anything, master?" "Some water," he whispered.

I run down to de spring an' lotch him a gourd o' fresh water. Twas after crops was gathered in an' de fo' part o' night was drizzy, but was clarif' off an' windy.

"It's mighty close in here, Isham; leave do' open," Master say when I go back, "an' raise de windows."

Den he drunk an' lay still. "Isham," pres'nly he say, significin' like, "pull de laid sider de winder and prop me up."

I pull the laid side long de winder, an' when I sorter fixed Master's pillows, he kotted hold o' my han'.

"He didn't let go, an' I drapt my laid giinst de laid side an' napp'd twel de clammin' feel o' Master's han' roused me up, an' I say—"You's gittin' chilly, Master. Don't you want de winders let down?"

He didn't say nothin', and I cased my han' away and lit de can'le. But master wan't sleep. Master was daid. Done died dar in de dark wid narr soul stirrin' in de house.

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